

## My Crown Prince Consort Is a Firecracker! Chapter 295

...Qiao Mu looked on helplessly as the book of mystic technique enveloped in dense mystic energy that she chose brushed past her hand with a swish and hurled away.

Wahhh...

'My mystic technique, don't go! My mystic technique!'

Qiao Mu waved her hand and slapped that lousy book away. In this zero gravity air, she tried her best to wiggle her limbs and urgently chased after the book.

However, in the next second...

A crisp "slap" was heard. That d\*mn lousy book slammed recklessly onto her head again.

Qiao Mu was utterly livid!

What the heck was this lousy book doing?

Other mystic techniques were exquisitely and perfectly packaged inside mystic energy and floating inside this space, invoking pleasure in its onlookers.

But it?! There was neither appeal nor mystic energy to it! It was tattered and frayed, looking like it would fall apart at any moment. It also once, twice—d\*mn it, thrice—slapped against her head!

"Get lost!" Upon seeing the lousy book flying toward her face again, Qiao Mu furiously swung a punch toward it and sent the book propelling through the air.

'Little guy, not only are you ugly and dirty, but most importantly, you also don't have a lick of mystic energy over you! How embarrassing would that make me?! I entered this place to treasure hunt, not scrap-pick rubbish!'

The little fellow kicked her legs and glanced at the mystic technique book that disappeared without a trace, her brows furrowing in dismay.

Wahhh, her mystic technique—the mystic technique book that she took a fancy to! Her prey escaped from her mouth!

Slap!!!

Slap slap!!!

Slap!

D\*mn it! She peered behind her and was about to blow her top. The back of her head was aching from that lousy book continually slamming into her.

Qiao Mu clutched her head and scurried away...

However, she could hardly move in this air, so where could she flee to?

And so, if there was an audience, they would see a battered book chasing on her tail and fiercely slapping into the back of her head!

Do you really have to have such a freaking strong sense of revenge?!

Why didn't the lousy book that looked ready to crumble fall apart even after hitting her so many times?

Although it did not fall apart, the dust that was slapped off of it nearly choked her to death.

Just how long did this lousy book stay in Maple Pavilion?! A freaking scatter of grime and a cloud of dust would fall off of it with every slap! It did not resemble any kind of treasure. Instead, it looked more like some dilapidated toy!

Our darling Qiao Mu clutched her head with bafflement and shouted, "Stop it! Don't hit me!"

Fine! I'll take you! I'll take you, alright?! Qiao Mu used her thumb and middle finger to distastefully hold a corner of that lousy book.

The lousy book finally stopped. It was rather miraculous.

Qiao Mu tore off a piece of her shirt and wrapped the lousy book inside of it. She even double-layered it so that it would not peek out before miserably putting it in her lapels.

She did not wrap it like that because she cherished it...

It was because it was too dirty!

She did not smell anything from the distance, but it stunk up a racket at close proximity.

Qiao Mu wanted to cry. Who knew whether this lousy book was scooped up from some cesspool or not?!

Grandma-master was too deceitful! Why the heck did she put a lousy book like that on this floor?! If she knew this would happen, she would have gone to the third floor or even the second floor to hunt for a treasure! It would be a million times better than this floor.

She uneasily obtained the chance to come into a treasure pavilion to look for some superb mystic technique, but it was conned out of her just like that!

The more she thought about it, the more her heart ached. She stroked through the air, looking around everywhere. Thankfully, she could get more than one thing.

She did not have much time left. She had to hurry to find a more decent and reliable rare book on a mystic technique!